# The Cuckowes Comendation:

## Or, the Cuckolds Credit: Being a merry Maying Song in Praiſe of the Cuckow.

To the Tune of the Button'd Smocke.

OF all the Birds that haunts the woods,
The waters or the Plaine;
I like the Cuckows pleaſant tunes,
though ſome his Notes diſdaine:
For all the faire greene Season,
moſt cheerfully he ſings,
And with his double Ditties makes
the Hilles and Valleyes ring.

The Earth to entertaine him,
puts on her beſt array,
The lofty trees and lowly ſhrubs,
likewiſe are freſh and gay;
The Birds to bid him welcome in,
doe warble pleaſant notes,
All Beaſts in fields and Forreſts wild
caſt off their winter coates.

And when he comes amongſt them,
he chaunts his melody,
More freely then a Lawyer,
that takes a double Fee:
He farre excells the Fiddler,
his melodie's more free,
As well vnto the loweſt ſort,
as to the higheſt degree.

The Citizens that heare him,
will walke to fetch the Way;
Their wiues like wiſe will hearke them,
will dreſſe themſelues moſt gay:
All for to heare the Cuckow ſing,
and warble forth his notes,
The Maidens and the Prentiſes,
together goe in flockes.

Hee ſings vnto the Courtier,
as ſweet as to the Clowne,
He ſpareth not his muſicke,
in City or in Towne:
And many when they heare him,
will thinke this Proverb true,
That Gold and Opportunity,
will make ſome Women doe.

The Lawyer when he heares him,
his velvet Cap off ſtirres,
And feares while hee's at Weſtminſter,
another Cauſe demurres:
Leſt that ſome younger Student come
at home and in his place,
To haue the free ſoliciting
of his owne proper caſe.

The Merchant and the Mariner,
that forraigne Countries finde,
When they doe heare the Cuckow ſing,
reſt doubtfull in their mind:
While they ſtrange traffickes take in hand
to load their Ships with wares,
Their Pinnace that they left at home
ſome other Burthen beares.

The Maidens when they heare him,
accuſe him for a blab,
The iealous Doctor when he cries,
thinkes his young wife a Drab:
Captaines and wedded Martialiſts,
when they doe heare him cry,
Likewiſe miſtruſt their Wiues at home,
in others Armes doe lie.

The ſilken ſuted Citizens
which let their gorgeous Spouſes
Goe frolicke in good company,
whilſt they doe keepe their houſes:
If they doe blame the Cuckow ſweet,
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For wine and opportunity,
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# The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

ANother takes a Garden,
to which in pleaſant weather
The Miſtris muſt a walking goe,
the Prentice brings her thither:
And then it ſo may fortune,
that walking on the way,
They fall into ſome dancing-Schools,
and there they both doe ſtay.

But then and if the Citizen
doth heare the Cuckowes ſound,
He feares not but his Prentiſes,
from Venery are bound:
Suſpectly then he keepes his houſe,
and caſteth up his Booke,
Meane while the Miſtris and her Man,
are doing what, goe looke.

And there be Knights and Gentlemen,
which gallant ſeeme and ſtout,
Doe let their wiues haue Coaches,
to whirle the ſtreets about,
Man'd only by a Coachman,
an Uſher and a Page:
Yet when they heare the Cuckowes note,
they neither fume nor rage.

For if my Lady lighteth,
the Coachman muſt ſit ſtill,
The Lacquey he is then imployd,
to doe her worſhips will:
The Uſher for her Ladiſhip,
he well doth know his part,
And doth that which the Prentiſe did,
to pleaſe his Miſtris heart.

The Taylor that ſo neatly
doth fit his Miſtris waſt,
And puts on her ſtrait Bodies,
when Petticoats bulac'd,
Whilſt thus he fits his Miſtris,
another is at home,
To eaſe his wiues ſtrait Bodies,
which are to narrow growne.

The Butcher that for fat ware
full oft abroad doth ride,
And leanes his wife to ſell the Joynts,
that he doth well prouide:
While he from home is ranging,
his Wife a Friend may finde,
That of a Lambe may make a Ram,
and vſe her very kinde.

The Smith which on his Anuill,
the Iron hard doth ding:
He cannot heare the Cuckow,
although he loud doth ſing,
In poyſting of Plow-Harneſſe,
he labours till he ſweat,
While another in his Forge at home,
may ſteale a priuate heat.

But to conclude of all ſorts,
though high or low they be,
Theres many looſe back-ſliders,
would there were none for me:
And yet it grieues my Conſcience,
that ſuch a louely Game,
Should make the Cuckow hated,
and ſcandall his good name.

His body is as toothſome,
and pleaſant as his voyce,
And vſe him as a Dyet,
he is a food moſt choyſe:
He fortifies the back-part,
and freeth ſome Diſeaſe,
And therefore vſe you all the Art,
may beſt the Cuckow pleaſe.

FINIS.

Printed for Mr. R.